

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Act of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Sinaes are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are vild, and false?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vnclenly Apprehensions
Keepe Lectes, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my ielousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisdom
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vntrue obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slaue to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. He know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of ielousie,
It is the Greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loues?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From ielousie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of ielousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exultation, and blow'd Surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Ielious,
To say my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weak merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Hee see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the prooue, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Ielousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me: I speake not yet of prooue:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Ielious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, beabus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Conscience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To feele her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft,
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are mou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such vild successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I see y'are mou'd.

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Desdemona*'s honest.

Iago. Long liue she so;
And long liue you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe,
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Where to we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.

Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry?
This honest Creature (doubtlesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnolds.

Iago

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther: Leauet it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* haue his Place;
For sure he fills it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while:
You shall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady straine his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunatie,
Much will be seene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too busie in my feares,
(As worthy cause I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Oth. Feare not my gouernment.

Iago. I once more take my leaue. Exit.

Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,

And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesses were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not those soft parts of Conseruation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage!
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they lesse then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnchuntable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where she comes:

Enter *Desdemona* and *Amilia*.

If she be false, Heauen mock'd it selfe:
He not beleue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Othello*?

Your dinner, and the generous Islanders

By you inuited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly?

Are you not well?

Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.

Let me but binde it hard, within this houre

It will be well.

Oth. Your Napkin is too little:

Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. Exit.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Amil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:

This was her first remembrance from the Moore,

My wayward Husband hath a hundred times

Woo'd me to steale it. But she so loues the Token,

(For he conu'd her, she should euer keepe it)

That she reserves it euermore about her,

To kisse, and talke too. He haue the worke tane out,

And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it

Heauen knowes, not I:

Inothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter *Iago*.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?

Amil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.

Iago. You haue a thing for me?

It is a common thing ———

Amil. Ha?

Iago. To haue a foolish wife.

Amil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now

For that same Handkerchiefe?

Iago. What Handkerchiefe?

Amil. What Handkerchiefe?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,

That which so often you did bid me steale.

Iago. Haft stolne it from her?

Amil. No; but she let it drop by negligence,

And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:

Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago. A good wench, giue it me.

Amil. What will you do with't; that you haue bene

so earnest to haue me filch it?

Iago. Why, what is that to you?

Amil. If it be not for some purpose of import,

Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad

When she shall lacke it.

Iago. Be not acknowne on't:

I haue vse for it. Go, leaue me. Exit *Amil.*

I will in *Cassio*'s Lodging loose this Napkin,

And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,

Are to the ielious, confirmations strong,

As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.

The Moore already changes with my poyson:

Dangerous conceits, are in their Natures poysons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste;

But with a little acte vpon the blood,

Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter *Othello*.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,

Nor all the drowfie Syrrups of the world,

Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe

Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Oth. Ha, ha, false to mee?

Iago. Why how now General? No more of that.

Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou hast set me on the Racke:

I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,

Then but to know't a little.

Iago. How now, my Lord?

Oth. What sence had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?

I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me.

I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.

I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her Lippes:

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,

Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to heare this.

Oth. I had bene happy, if the generall Campe,

Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,

So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euery sin

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;

Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,

That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,

Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumpe,

The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,

The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,

Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre:

And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates

Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,

Farewell: *Othello*'s Occupation's gone.

Iago. Is't possible, my Lord?

Oth. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore;

Be sure of it: Giue me the Ocular prooue,

Or